We Do It In the Dark with Smiles On Our Faces

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We Do It In the Dark with Smiles On Our Faces

by IBegToDreamAndDiffer

Summary

Will needs time to think. Hannibal doesn't seem concerned. Will knows that he NEEDS Hannibal, but the real question is, does he WANT Hannibal?

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal watched, unable to curb his fascination, as Will slid another piece of Andrew Leisner into his mouth. He was clearly enjoying his food; blue-grey eyes bright, hands calm and sure as he sliced his meat and vegetables, using his knife to slide seasoning and sauce onto his fork. Will was still weary, Hannibal could see, and it was quite understandable. There wasn't a guide on how to handle the revelation that your doctor and friend was a serial killer.

Hannibal was proud, he could admit. Will was handling it quite remarkably. Yes, he had pointed a gun at Hannibal, however briefly, and he had had some rather scathing words to impart, but for the most part, he was... really quite fine. Hannibal had expected screams of betrayal, of a fight with fists and words. In all honesty, he had expected to have to kill Will. Hannibal's original plan had hinged on Will being so unstable that he'd cling to absolutely anything, even a serial killer, to get him through his mind's collapse.

Instead, when Will had discovered Hannibal's true nature, he had been completely stable and sane. So... yes, Hannibal had thought that the fight with Miller would end with Will's death, too. The way Will had looked at him; confounded, terrified, *betrayed*. Hannibal would kill Will, hide the bodies, and go on the run. It would be inconvenient, and Hannibal could admit that he would miss Will terribly, but it would be necessary; Hannibal had no desire to spend the rest of his life behind bars.

But no. Will had decided to come back to Hannibal's house, after helping Hannibal stuff the departed Mr Miller in a plastic sack Hannibal kept in the boot of his Bentley. Hannibal had then gotten a few rather delightful discussions out of Will, and was now watching him eat human meat, Will knowing full well what it was.

And Will was *enjoying* it.

Will truly was a gift, and Hannibal was tempted to get down on his knees and thank God for such a dark, *beautiful* gift. But Hannibal didn't pray, not any more, and his suit trousers had already taken a beating from the fight with Miller. Instead, Hannibal just inwardly thanked Jack Crawford for putting them in the same room together, and then asking Hannibal to work with Will.

If Jack ever discovered Hannibal's hobbies he would be *horrified*, and the guilt he felt around Will would manifest into something *truly* delicious. Hannibal would enjoy watching that breakdown. Jack Crawford was an excellent agent and, beneath the surface, a good man. What a blow it would be, to a man who was considered the best in his field, to discover that one of his profilers was a serial killer, the other unhinged and dependent on said serial killer. Both of them right there, working with him, Hannibal killing people under Agent Crawford's very nose and Will knowing but not saying a word.

Sometimes Hannibal considered outing himself, just to watch the drama unfold. But he preferred his current life and didn't wish to go on the run. Not quite yet.

Will cleared his throat, pulling Hannibal from his thoughts. The doctor reached for his wine and swirled the glass as he raised an eyebrow at Will across the table.

'Um... I'm done?' Will said, like he wasn't quite sure. Hannibal glanced at his plate. Will had eaten almost everything, only a few greens left behind. The meat was gone.

'Are you still hungry?' Hannibal asked. He had some tart and cake, as well as a pudding that he'd made just that morning.

But Will shook his head, frowning slightly as he glanced between his plate and Hannibal. 'N-No,' he said, then took a breath. His next words came out steady. 'I'm done.'

Hannibal's eyebrow arched back up. 'Done with your food, or done in general?' he questioned.

Will huffed out a very short laugh before pushing one hand through his hair, tangling the curls further. 'Just... just dinner,' he said. Hannibal heard the “I think” that Will hadn't tacked on the end.

'Very well,' Hannibal said and stood. He wasn't particularly hungry himself, but he hated to waste food, so collected his and Will's plates and took them into the kitchen. He put his dinner away in a tupperware container- he would eat it for lunch the next day, he supposed- and then rolled his sleeves up.

'What, uh... what are you doing?' Will asked from the other side of the counter. He had followed Hannibal into the kitchen carrying the utensils and their glasses; there were many traits Will had that Hannibal disliked, but he was never discourteous if he could help it.

'Washing the dishes,' Hannibal said, his voice sound vaguely amused, even to his own ears. 'I have a dishwasher,' he continued as he faced the sink, turning the tap on, 'however I don't use it every night.'

'Okay...' Will said slowly. He busied himself with his wine, the glass still half-full, and seemed happy- or, perhaps, just okay- with watching Hannibal clean the plates, forks and knives. When Hannibal was done he placed the plates aside to dry and picked up his wine glass. Will had been playing with his rather than drinking and blushed when Hannibal looked at him. He quickly swigged the rest of his drink, earning a tut from the older man, and blushed harder when Hannibal turned away.

Hannibal smirked at his hands. Will was rather adorable, really, and he didn't even try.

'Are you staying the night?' Hannibal asked when he was done, his hands dry.

'Um... y-yeah,' Will said, voice only slightly off. He breathed in and out heavily before determinedly meeting Hannibal's eyes. 'Yes.'

'Very well,' Hannibal said. He then picked up his jacket, waistcoat and tie, inclining his head towards the doorway. 'Follow me.'

Will did, twitching and jolting every other step. Hannibal glanced over his shoulder on occasion to see Will staring at the walls, the floor, Hannibal's lower half. Hannibal smiled quietly to himself, wondering if Will was even aware of what he was doing.

He had never felt comfortable in Hannibal's house; they didn't meet here often enough for Will to become used to it. He was comfortable in Hannibal's office, but Hannibal had made sure to decorate it to allow his patients to feel safe. Patients who felt safe were less annoying than those who were skittish. Plus, Hannibal's office hid just *what* Hannibal was. It was warm where Hannibal wasn't.

Hannibal wasn't surprised when he realised that he *wanted* Will to feel comfortable in his house. He wanted Will to come over whenever he pleased. He wanted Will to come over after a bad case and curl up on the sofa in Hannibal's study, a glass of wine or beer, perhaps, in one hand, a book in the other. Hannibal would look up from his work to see Will watching him, and when Will realised he was caught he would blush and smile faintly before going back to his reading.

Hannibal took a deep, steadying breath as he stopped before one of the guest rooms (he had two, just in case). It was too soon to be allowing his mind to stray that far. Will had only just discovered what Hannibal was; it would take some time for him to ever feel safe with Hannibal again, let alone allow himself to feel sexually attracted to his doctor. Hannibal didn't doubt that Will still wanted him; it was obvious, even now. But Will wouldn't allow their relationship to progress until he'd come to terms with Hannibal's true self.

That would take time.

'This is one of the guest rooms; there's another beside it,' Hannibal said, indicating the door to the room's left. 'This door leads to my study. The door at the end of the hall is my bedroom.'

'Okay,' was all Will said.

'I wake at five every morning,' Hannibal said, and watched Will's eyes widen slightly, 'however, feel free to sleep in as long as you want. I have to go into the office tomorrow so I'll be leaving the house by seven-thirty.'

Will just nodded.

Hannibal let his eyes run down Will's body before he slowly dragged them back up again. Will was flushed and biting his lips, and when he risked a quick glance at Hannibal's eyes Hannibal smirked lightly.

'Goodnight, Will.'

'Y-Yeah, uh... g-goodnight, Doctor Lecter,' Will stuttered.

Hannibal tilted his head before leaning forward. He felt Will shiver when he pressed his lips against the profiler's ear. '*Hannibal*,' he breathed. Will's breath hitched and Hannibal allowed himself once last smile before turning and walking down the hallway. He didn't look back, not even when he closed his bedroom door.

{oOo}

Like the rest of his house, Hannibal's guest room was decadent. The walls were a dark green with black highlights. The wallpaper was smooth and when Will ran his fingers over the large wooden dresser against the wall opposite the bed they came away clean. The bed was large- a king, Will thought- with dark grey sheets and a black and white comforter. There were about six or seven pillows and Will tried to think of what the hell they were for as he stripped from his jacket, plaid shirt, boots and jeans. He left his clothes on the floor by the bed and went looking for a bathroom.

Thankfully the room had an en-suite; Will didn't really feel like wandering around Hannibal's house looking for the bathroom. He knew where the one downstairs was (three doors down from the kitchen), but wasn't sure he could *actually* find his way down there and back without getting lost.

There was a packet of toothbrushes in the top drawer under the sink, as well as an unopened bottle of toothpaste. Will wondered if Hannibal ever had guests. He knew that he and Alana were close; surely she'd stayed over a couple of times?

Maybe she sleeps in Hannibal's room , a small, dark part of Will's mind whispered.

Will hunched forward, hands braced on the white counter. No. *No* . He would *not* get jealous over Hannibal and Alana's relationship... or lack thereof. If they were just friends, fine. If they'd slept together in the past, or had a kind of “friends with benefits” thing going on (and Will would *pay* to hear Hannibal say that term out-loud), then that was fine, too. Will didn't care who Hannibal had (or hadn't) slept with in the past... or who he'd sleep with in the future, either.

Sure you don't , that same part whispered and Will growled. He looked up at the mirror and it reflected back angry, dark-rimmed eyes, a face too pale, and lips pulled back in a snarl.

It took Will quite a few attempts- and some murmured encouragement that he was glad nobody could hear- to calm down. Will knew that he was attracted to Hannibal- he'd been aware of it for a few weeks now- and he was *also* aware that he was *still* attracted to Hannibal, even after finding out that Hannibal was a serial killer who ate most, if not all of, his victims.

But it was way, *way* too early to be getting angry and... and *jealous* over Hannibal's past or current sex life. Will still had to figure out exactly what he wanted from Hannibal, and what Hannibal wanted from him. An audience, clearly; somebody who understood and *appreciated* what Hannibal was, certainly. He wanted a partner in every sense of the word, but Will just couldn't do that. So what did he want now?

It would take time, Will knew, for the both of them to figure that out. Will wouldn't turn Hannibal in, of that he had no doubt. It'd probably be a while before Hannibal finally accepted that.

Will sighed and reached up to rub his face. He needed to shave and get some sleep. But there was no razor that he could find, and honestly he was a bit too tired to care what he looked like. Maybe in the morning he'd drive back to Wolf Trap and clean himself up. He didn't have to be anywhere tomorrow. Unless Jack called.

Asshole.

Shaking his head, Will brushed his teeth and got a drink of water from the sink before going back into the bedroom. It took him a second to remember where the light switch was, then a few more to stumble through the frankly ridiculously large room and back to the bed. He flopped face-first onto the sheets and barely dragged the blanket over his legs before he was asleep.

He could only hope that he'd sleep through the night.

{oOo}

Will woke from probably one of the best night's rest he'd had in a few weeks. While he no longer had night terrors, he still suffered from insomnia and the various nightmares his vivid imagination threw up. Plus there was the fact that Hannibal's guest bed was about four-hundred times comfier than his own bed back home.

Will had never really gone to great lengths to take care of himself. He ate when he remembered, he cleaned his house when he was bored, and he did the laundry and dishes when he ran out of clean clothes and plates. But for the most part he scraped himself together every morning and spent most of his free time taking care of his dogs or fishing.

Will's mattress was old and his bed creaked. Will would bet that Hannibal's guest bed was one, maybe two years old. How often were you supposed to change your mattress, anyway? Will bet Hannibal knew.

He shook his head as he sat up, glancing around the room. The curtains were drawn but it wasn't too dark, telling Will that the sun was up; he'd slept through the night without waking once.

Will wondered what it said about him- *truly* said about him- that he'd slept more comfortably in a killer's home than he ever had in his own. He had a pack of dogs and a shotgun as well as a pistol, only an idiot would break into Will's home in Wolf Trap. Then again, only a lunatic would break into the Chesapeake Ripper's house.

God , Will thought and scrubbed his face, *what a fucking mess. How the hell is this my life?*

Briefly mourning the simpler times- when all he'd had to worry about was trying to find homes for his strays, and then keeping and training them when he found nothing- Will pulled the covers off and got out of bed. He decided a shower was in order, then he'd make his way downstairs and see if Hannibal was still around. If he wasn't, Will would go home. His dogs would need to be fed, and there was some grading Will had been putting off due to the current case.

Which had more or less been solved last night. Will wondered what Hannibal was going to do with the body. Would Nathan Miller become a Chesapeake Ripper kill, or would he be dumped somewhere far away, with only the wild animals for company?

Will pushed those thoughts out of his head and jumped into the shower- which, like everything in Hannibal's house, was big, clean, and beautiful. He'd ask Hannibal about Miller later.

There was soap, shampoo, and even conditioner, but Will just washed himself and then towelled himself dry. He then put yesterday's clothes back on, seeing as how he had nothing else to wear. He brushed his teeth, too, before leaving the bathroom, giving himself one last look in the mirror. He didn't look as tired or as lost as he had the night before, even though he felt no better. Everything was still confusing and fucked up, and Will had no idea what the next few days were going to be like.

Will managed to find his way downstairs and into the kitchen without getting lost, but his momentary victory fled when he realised that Hannibal was still home. The doctor was making breakfast- eggs, sausage and bacon, though Will wondered if it was human-sausage- and was already dressed for work. His jacket, vest and tie were folded neatly over the armchair in the far corner, and he had a white apron tied over his plaid slacks.

Hannibal didn't look up when Will shuffled into the kitchen, but spoke almost immediately. 'Good morning, Will. Did you sleep well?'

'I... yes,' Will said, seeing no reason to lie. Hannibal would probably be able to tell if he did.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow but didn't look up from the pan. 'You sound surprised. I thought you were sleeping better.'

'I was- am,' Will corrected. 'I just... I still suffer insomnia. I've had that since I was six or seven.'

'Is that so?' Hannibal queried.

Will frowned. 'Gonna ask about my childhood, *Doctor*?'

Hannibal surprised Will by chuckling; he'd expected... he wasn't quite sure. A fight, maybe, or Hannibal giving some truly terrible psychological advice.

'I will only ask about your childhood during our sessions, Will,' Hannibal said, 'or if you give me permission to during our personal time.'

'Personal time?' Will echoed.

'The time we spend together outside of my office. You may not officially be my patient, but Jack likes updates on our sessions.'

'I know,' Will said and leaned against the counter, arms folded defensively over his chest, 'but I figured that you don't tell him everything. Like screwing with my head, giving me awful advice, and killing Nathan Miller.'

Hannibal finally looked up, and his thin lips were quirked, amusement flashing in his maroon eyes. Will looked away quickly. 'Touché, dear Will,' he said. 'But let's not discuss your childhood just yet; I fear that will take many conversations over a long period of time.'

'Okay,' Will muttered, 'so what *should* we talk about?'

'How about the fact that you slept through the night in the house of a man who has been manipulating you since you first met?'

Will frowned and looked down at the tiled floor. 'I thought we weren't going to talk about that.'

'I didn't ask when your insomnia began, Will,' Hannibal said, 'I simply wish to discuss why it apparently didn't affect you last night.'

Will just shrugged, not wanting to answer, though there was a vague idea working through the back of his mind. Maybe he'd slept well because, subconsciously, Will had realised that nothing could hurt him while under Hannibal's roof; nothing *would* hurt him, not with the Chesapeake Ripper sleeping a few rooms down. Not even Will's nightmares would go up against Hannibal's monsters.

'You don't fancy sharing your thoughts, Will?' Hannibal asked, breaking Will from said thoughts. The profiler sighed and slumped back, slouching against the counter. He heard Hannibal make some type of noise- probably frustration, Will dirtying up his kitchen counter and all- before he busied himself with something else.

'What are you cooking?' Will asked, wanting to change the subject.

He glanced at Hannibal, met his gaze, and found Hannibal smirking at him ever so slightly. 'Eggs, bacon and sausage,' the doctor said.

Will gulped a bit before saying, 'People-sausage?'

Hannibal tilted his head, one barely-there eyebrow tilting upward briefly. '*Will*,' was all he said, which was answer enough. Will just nodded and looked away once more. 'Do you have plans for today?' Hannibal asked after a beat of silence.

'Not... not really,' Will said slowly. 'I don't have work, as far as I know. The case...' He paused and wet his lips, trying to sort his thoughts, 'well, I don't really know what's going to happen there.'

'Do not worry, Will,' Hannibal said, 'I have plans for Mr Miller's body.'

'Plans as in... *general* plans?' Will asked. 'Or plans as in *Chesapeake Ripper* plans?'

Hannibal chuckled softly and finally started plating up the food, somehow managing to make something as simple as eggs and bacon look like a masterpiece. 'Mr Miller isn't worthy of being a work of art, Will,' Hannibal told him. 'He came to my office to hurt you; he doesn't deserve to be elevated.'

'Right,' Will said, swallowing thickly, 'right.'

Hannibal glanced up at him. 'Does that bother you?'

'No, I... I'm still not used to... to *this*,' Will said. He waved a hand to encompass Hannibal, the food, the freaking *house*. 'A few days ago, my life finally made sense,' Will murmured, 'now...'

'It will again, in time,' Hannibal interrupted. 'Now,' he stood back and smiled slightly as he picked up the two plates, 'if you would join me?'

Will didn't answer; he just followed Hannibal into the dining room, briefly wondering if Hannibal ate all his meals at the table. He couldn't picture Hannibal eating at the kitchen island or, God forbid, *over the sink*. The image was so hilariously *wrong* that Will snorted a laugh as he took a seat.

Hannibal raised his eyebrows but Will just shook his head and started eating. He didn't bother looking too closely at the people-sausage, or even examining how he was capable of eating a human being without feeling disgust; *been there, done that*, as they say. Will had too much to think about, too many things to analyse, put aside, and then analyse again. Cannibalism was probably the least of his concerns right now.

They ate in silence, though like the night before, Hannibal watched every bite Will took with satisfied eyes. He was like a wolf, watching as his mate ate the prey he'd brought down. Which... was exactly what was happening, Will realised. Hannibal had killed, and had cooked, and was now watching Will consume. A small part of Will still despised the fact that he *wanted* this man, but it was getting smaller. Soon it wouldn't exist. Will's conscience would stop him from killing, but that was it; it wouldn't make him turn Hannibal in, it wouldn't make him stop enjoying Hannibal's food, and it wouldn't make him stop *wanting* Hannibal.

It just remained to be seen if Will could keep his sanity- or some part of it, at least- before he reached that point.

Will was halfway through his breakfast when he cleared his throat and asked, 'I thought you said you had to go into your office today?'

'I do,' Hannibal said, 'I have to leave in twenty minutes.'

Will frowned and patted down his pockets. Eventually he found his cellphone and pressed a button, the screen lighting up. 'Huh.' It was almost ten past seven; Will had thought it was later.

'And your plans for the day?' Hannibal queried.

Will shrugged, pushed some eggs around on his plate. 'I have to feed and walk my dogs. Maybe make some lures or fix one of the boat engines I have lying around. Ignore Jack Crawford's calls.'

'Not on my account, I hope.'

Will just looked at him pointedly, which made Hannibal smile. They finished breakfast in silence, and Will carried the utensils into the kitchen like he had the night before. Hannibal smiled again, broader this time, and Will watched him wash up.

'You left your car at my office,' Hannibal said as he put his vest on, smoothing his tie beneath it. Will cursed silently; he'd forgotten about that. 'I can give you a lift, or you can call a cab.'

'I'd like to get home and see my dogs,' Will said. 'So I'd appreciate a lift.'

'Very well,' Hannibal said.

Will collected his coat on the way out, and most of the trip to the doctor's office was taken in silence. It was comfortable, though, like most of their silences. Hannibal never forced Will to talk, not even during their sessions. He'd just sit patiently, waiting for Will to open up. And Will always had. Hannibal might have manipulated him, but Will had always felt comfortable around the older man.

When Hannibal had parked near his office, he turned to look at Will. 'When will I see you again?'

'I don't know,' Will admitted. 'I need... time.'

Hannibal nodded once.

'I won't tell Jack,' Will said firmly. He met Hannibal's eyes when the doctor looked at him. 'I can't turn you in.'

'I hope that remains true,' Hannibal commented.

Will just shrugged one shoulder. He didn't doubt that Hannibal was ready to run if need be, but he had absolutely zero plans to turn Hannibal in. This whole thing might be terrifying and confusing, but Will knew that for certain. What he doubted was his own ability to act normally around Jack Crawford and his team.

'Thanks for the lift,' Will said and climbed out of the car.

'Will.' Hannibal had followed quickly and he looked at Will over the hood of the Bentley. 'Do not think too hard, Will,' Hannibal said. 'Get some rest. Play with your dogs. Fish. Nothing

between us has to change.'

Will smiled sardonically. 'Everything between us has changed, Doctor Lecter.'

Hannibal's eyes narrowed at the use of his title, but he moved past it. 'I have always been here for you, Will. That will *never* change.'

Will just nodded and turned, walking towards his car. His keys were in his coat pocketed and he unlocked his and climbed in. He didn't look back once; just started the car and drove away.

{oOo}

Will got an entire four days to himself before Jack called. He fed and walked his dogs, worked on lures, and even wandered down to the river that cut through his property. He didn't go fishing, just sat and watched the water as he thought. His mind was, of course, circling around Hannibal Lecter; his doctor, his *friend*, was a serial killer. He ate some of his victims. He'd been manipulating Will for *months*. He'd known about Will's encephalitis and had wanted to send Will insane. He wanted Will to join him, *kill* with him.

Will was still attracted to Hannibal. He didn't mind eating humans. Hannibal clearly wanted him.

Lather. Rinse. Repeat.

Will was half glad, half annoyed, at getting a phone call from Jack Crawford. On one hand, he could finally think about something other than Hannibal Lecter. On the other hand, Jack never called with good news, or even just to say *hello*. He always wanted Will to look at dead bodies and profile the killer and figure everything out in five seconds. Will was good, but he wasn't *that* good.

Jack had actually called two days previously to inform Will that Nathan Miller, their prime suspect in the Rose Petal Killer case, had gone missing. There wasn't much Will could do, other than try and profile Miller and figure out where he was going. Will didn't want to do that. He didn't know, exactly, where Miller was, but he knew that he was dead. Will wasn't sure he could stand across from Jack and act like he was actually tying to find the man when he knew what had happened.

Jack understood- in that gruff, pissed off way that he had- and didn't call Will in to go over the evidence again. Will didn't have any lectures until the following Monday, so that left him free to roam around his house and his property, thinking about Hannibal over and over again.

Alana called every day; *just to check in*, she always said. Will managed to stumble through those conversations with minimum input on his part. He wondered how Alana couldn't see

what Hannibal was. Now that Will knew it was so obvious. Everything about Hannibal screamed predator, and even his house was cold and impersonal. Alana was damn good at her job but, Will supposed, Hannibal was just better at acting human. He'd even fooled Will for months, and he was the best profiler in the country.

Thankfully Jack called again before Will could scream his frustration or go catch some fish to kill and butcher; there was a new case, a new killer, and he shouted down the phone at Will before he got an, 'Okay,' from the teacher. A text message came through less than a minute later with the address of the new crime scene.

Will sighed and looked at his dogs, who'd all shuffled after him into the kitchen. 'Sorry, guys.'

Buster whined. Lulu dropped onto her belly and glared at him- he knew she was glaring. Winston cocked his head before padding forward to bump his snout against Will's leg.

Will smiled and gave each dog a good, long pat before he grabbed his shoes, coat and keys. At least his dogs were the same; they still made sense.

{oOo}

The crime scene was an apartment on the fourth floor of a tall building. There were police cars grouped around the street out front, as well as a large FBI truck filled with crime scene investigators and equipment. Only some of the local police- tasked with cordoning off the area so the FBI could work- knew who Will was, so he was stopped and his credentials inspected before he was allowed inside. He was directed up to apartment 4D, where he found Jack and his team milling about.

'Will!' Jack barked and Will took a deep, steadying breath as he walked closer. Will was good at lying; he always lied about the secrets he saw, the minds he read when he accidentally caught eye contact. All he had to do was keep Hannibal's secret locked tightly up, not letting even a hint reach his eyes. Jack wouldn't be able to see it; who, after all, would suspect charming, sophisticated Hannibal Lecter of being a serial killer?

'Will,' Jack growled his name this time, and Will jolted, looked up. He realised that Jack and his team were staring at him; Jack in annoyance, Beverly in mild concern, and Zeller in annoyance. Only Price seemed unfazed, neither liking or disliking Will, just accepting he was there to do his job. Will liked Price. He never pried.

'Sorry,' Will mumbled.

'Are you okay, Will?'

Will jumped again when he realised that Alana Bloom was there. She'd been standing off to the side, away from the body, hidden by two CSIs collecting evidence from the TV stand.

'Alana,' Will swallowed, 'I'm fine.'

'Are you sure?' Alana asked.

She'd been very concerned lately; since Will's encephalitis, she'd been keeping a close eye on him, just in case Will had a breakdown... or snapped. A month ago Will would have welcomed the attention; it would have meant that someone cared, that *Alana cared*, and that would had been all he needed. But now he didn't know what he needed. Not Alana, not anymore.

Hannibal.

He needed *Hannibal*.

'I'm fine,' Will insisted and slipped his glasses off. He rubbed at his face briefly before looking at Jack. The older man nodded before barking orders for everybody to leave. The assembled people did as told, by now used to Will's presence, even if they didn't understand or like it.

When he was alone Will glanced around the room before taking another breath. Slowly, his eyes closed, and he saw the pendulum swing-

I haven't planned this. It's a surprise. We were having a good time, eating pizza and watching trashy TV, before you said it; you had a new girlfriend. I feel anger, rage, betrayal . *I've always been here for you, and you never noticed. I'm just a friend and I'll never be anything else. I know that now.*

I pick up the fruit bowl on the table and swing. It hits you and you scream. You don't stay down. I begin to panic, because this isn't supposed to happen, what am I doing, I don't-

I swing again and again, because you keep getting up. *You're begging for me to stop but I can't, not now. Everything's happening too fast and I don't know what to do.*

Oh my God, I've killed you. I've killed you and I... cover up? Like on TV. Move you, make it seem like more, and I'll be able to escape, they'll never know, oh my God...

Will gasped as he came back to himself, though noticed that he wasn't shaking, or covered in sweat. It was still difficult, disturbing, doing what he did, but it was easier than it had been in the past. And this crime? It was nothing; a random act of violence, rage taking someone over and making them do something incredibly stupid. It wasn't planned. There won't be another body. It's a case for the local police force, not the FBI.

Just a senseless murder. Will sighed and rubbed his eyes before slipping his glasses back on. Then he called Jack back in.

'What have we got?' Jack demanded as he stormed over, glancing between Will and the body slumped on the floor beside the coffee table.

'It was a friend- someone he knows well,' Will told him. 'The murder wasn't planned or desired; it was a fit of passion. He killed his friend because he wanted him, and his friend would never want him in return.'

Jack sighed out a breath or relief; no doubt happy that this was just an average killer and not a psychopath.

'The killer will be easy to find,' Will added after a beat. 'He panicked, he didn't clean up after himself. He'll either try to run or you'll find him crying somewhere.' Will frowned slightly at the thought and looked at the body. 'He couldn't handle killing someone. He was weak. There's no *art* here.'

The atmosphere in the room changed, and Will didn't notice until he looked up to find Jack, his team, and Alana all staring at him. Zeller and Price were looking at Will like he was deranged, while Beverly looked slightly disturbed. Jack was glaring at him, like Will had just announced that *he'd* killed the victim. Alana looked... worried and scared and disturbed and-

Will looked away, stared at the floor, and shuffled slightly on his feet. 'Can I go, Jack?' he mumbled. He felt everybody's eyes on him, and he knew that not one of them understood. They didn't get how his disorder worked, didn't *want* to understand. They used him, then tossed him aside. They were scared of him, or disturbed by him, or... they didn't *see* him.

Hannibal sees me, a part of Will's mind whispered. *He* sees *and he* wants.

Will shook his head roughly, and Jack finally said, 'Yeah, Will, go home. Get some rest.'

Will just nodded. He didn't need to look at Jack to know that Jack was concerned; he could hear it in his voice.

Will left before Alana could catch him, the psychiatrist taking a few quick steps to try and talk to him before he ran out the door. Will was in his car and pulling away before she'd stepped out of the apartment building, and Will breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't want to talk to Alana. She wouldn't understand. She never had.

Hannibal understands .

Will scowled at his windshield.

Hannibal has always understood. Because he's messed up, just like you.

I can't have Hannibal, Will told himself firmly.

Why not? that same voice asked.

Will frowned. Great, he was going insane.

Why not *?* it demanded again.

Because I shouldn't be allowed *to have him* , Will thought angrily. *He's a killer! He manipulated me! He wants me to* kill *with him!*

He won't force you, some part of Will's conscience whispered, *he'll take whatever he can get. He just wants* you . *And you want him.*

Will was so lost in thought that he barely registered that he was home until he was standing in the middle of his kitchen. His dogs were all staring at him and Will frowned at the far wall. He hadn't lost time; he was just arguing with his own head.

He wasn't sure that was much better, in all honesty.

You can have him, Will's mind whispered. *Just give in.*

Will had never had nice things. His childhood had been spent following his dad from boat yard to boat yard. They'd always had money to get by, but his dad had never had enough to spend frivolously. There had been no mountains of presents on birthdays and Christmases; no new gadgets and bikes and toys. Will had loved his dad, and had never wanted for much, but he'd never had *nice things*.

Hannibal bought Will nice things; food and drink when Will was working hard, and a new sweater once when Will's shirt had been covered in blood and beyond repair. Hannibal always took care of Will. Will didn't doubt that, if their relationship moved forward, Hannibal would try to lavish Will with things; with patience and understanding and food and gifts.

And why shouldn't Will have that? After all he'd been through, what his empathy did to him on a daily basis, why shouldn't Will finally take something for himself? Maybe taking it from a serial killer- maybe keeping a murderer free and falling for him, accepting him, *understanding him*- was the price Will had to pay for finally being happy.

Will could be happy. He just had to accept who Hannibal was.

Will frowned slightly and looked around his house; his small, run-down house, a house that had never truly been a home, not really. It was a place to sleep and store his things, a safe haven from the world and for his dogs. Hannibal's house would eventually feel safe and warm, once Will was used to it. He already felt safe there, in all honesty.

Why couldn't Will have that? All the time, every day, for the rest of his life?

Will took a deep breath and let it out. Then, after a few minutes of wondering if this was it- if this was his final decision- Will set food and water out for his dogs, grabbed his coat, and left the house.

{oOo}

Will drove around aimlessly for a bit, and even went shopping for some razors and soap and various other non-perishables that he needed. He'd realised halfway to Hannibal's that it was

still early afternoon; Hannibal would be at work.

So Will drove and drove and drove before finally entering Hannibal's neighbourhood. He drove past Hannibal's house three times. The Bentley was there, in the driveway, and eventually Will talked himself into pulling up, parking beside it, and getting out of his car.

He was breathing heavily as he walked up to the front door, and he swore his heart stopped when he knocked

What the fuck are you doing, Graham? he asked himself.

Getting what you want , his mind helpfully spoke back. Will nearly laughed. Maybe he should ask Hannibal if he was really going crazy- hearing voices- or if his imagination was just stretching its wings now that the encephalitis was gone. Will wouldn't put it past his imagination to get even *more* out of control now that he was healthy.

Will was pulled from his thoughts- *thankfully* - by the door opening.

Hannibal was dressed in trousers and a white shirt, his paisley tie half undone. He'd clearly only just gotten home, and no doubt been about to start dinner.

'Will,' Hannibal said, and his lips stretched into a small, real smile. 'I wasn't expecting you,' Hannibal said.

'Yes,' Will replied, 'I'm sorry, I... I just had some thoughts, and I needed to come.'

'Would you like to come in and share your thoughts?' Hannibal asked. He went to take a step back, but Will jumped forward and grabbed his arm.

'No!' Will said. 'Just... give me a minute.'

'Will...' Hannibal said slowly, looking over his face, 'you do not need to come to a decision any time soon. Take all the time you need.'

Will wanted to laugh. Of *course* Hannibal would know why he was here. Hannibal knew Will; could get inside his head.

'A minute, Hannibal,' Will said firmly. Hannibal's eyebrows rose, but he nodded and didn't say another word, giving Will time to *think*.

But did he really need to think anymore? All he'd done for the past week was *think*. He knew what he wanted and he could have it; Hannibal had already said that. What they were going to become still wasn't quite clear, but Will knew that Hannibal would be there for him. A psychopath of Hannibal's calibre wouldn't grow bored of Will, or give him up. He was in this forever. He wanted to protect Will; break him and care for him and cherish him and... and *own him*.

Will wanted that, too. It wasn't healthy. It wasn't sane. But Will wasn't either of those things, and Hannibal definitely wasn't.

Why can't I have this? he thought. And then; *You can.*

So finally, *finally*, Will took.

He surged up to capture Hannibal's lips- well, he more mashed their mouths together, but Hannibal made a soft noise and rearranged them swiftly, turning Will's desperate attempt at contact into a proper kiss.

And, *oh*, what a kiss. Like with everything he did, Hannibal kissed with perfection; the right amount of lips, teeth and tongue, all used to make Will moan and push himself up against the taller man's front, kissing harder and harder, like he was trying to crawl right into Hannibal and set up shop.

Maybe he was.

Hannibal finally moved more than his mouth; one arm wrapped firmly around Will's waist, tugging him closer, while the other hand smoothed up Will's back before grabbing his neck, then tangling in his hair. When he tugged on Will's curls the profiler moaned, and then Hannibal made the sexiest noise Will had ever heard in response.

Hannibal broke away from him, but only briefly, quickly tilting his head to start another kiss that was sharp and biting. Will clawed at Hannibal's pristine shirt, feeling the warmth of Hannibal's skin through the smooth fabric.

That was when Hannibal decided to break their kiss completely, and Will whined in annoyance. Hannibal was panting, and when Will looked up he found Hannibal's pupils blown, his hair messy and face slightly flushed.

'Will...' he breathed, then licked his lips, as though savouring Will's taste. It made Will's cock twitch in his jeans, and he had to fight not to rub himself against Hannibal.

'All week long I've been thinking about you,' Will said. Okay, so that sounded *really* creepy, but it was the truth. Besides, Will was pretty sure that Hannibal won the title of King Creeper. 'I kept thinking about who you are- what you do- and what everyone would say if they found out.' He paused to take a breath, and Hannibal just watched, not interrupting, but not letting Will go, either. 'On the way over, I kept imagining you getting caught, getting locked up, not *being here* anymore, and I... I just...'

'Will,' Hannibal spoke again. Will closed his eyes and shivered when he felt Hannibal's hand move from his hair to his face, his large, warm palm cupping Will's stubbly cheek. 'I'm not going anywhere.'

'You don't know that,' Will mumbled. 'You could make a mistake, or get seen, and what would I do then?'

'You're more than capable of taking care of yourself, Will,' Hannibal said, sounding amused.

Will shook his head, and Hannibal's palm moved with him. 'I don't think I can,' he said.

'You're no longer sick,' Hannibal pointed out. 'And any other psychiatrist would be better- *healthier*- for you. They wouldn't be obsessed with you, or infatuated with you. They also wouldn't be a serial killer who eats their victims.'

'They wouldn't be *you*,' Will muttered. 'That's the problem.' He finally pulled back, not too far, only far enough to look up at Hannibal. 'I need *you*.'

'But do you want me?' Hannibal queried.

And that was the real question, wasn't it? There was no doubt in either of their minds that Will *needed* Hannibal Lecter. But Hannibal had manipulated him, played him, until Hannibal was all he *could* need. Why Hannibal cared what Will wanted was anyone's guess. Maybe, like Hannibal had said, Will had managed to burrow into Hannibal, just like Hannibal had him. Maybe they were both lost; maybe it wasn't just Will who was addicted, damaged, *broken*.

Will thought about the past few weeks, and the months before; before and after his encephalitis, before and after he'd discovered just what Hannibal was. He thought about Jack and Beverly and Zeller and Price, even Alana when he'd muttered those words at the crime scene. He thought about their faces, their words and judgement.

He thought about Hannibal, sitting across from him, smiling as Will ate human meat. Hannibal would never judge or be disgusted. The only thing that Hannibal despised was when Will mentioned his favourite fast food. Will's dreams would never disturb Hannibal. His behaviour would never truly annoy Hannibal, and if it did it was quick to be forgotten, forgiven. No matter what Will did, Hannibal would want him, because Hannibal wanted Will's brain first and foremost. He didn't want to study Will like others, he didn't even really want to *use* Will. He just wanted to be a part of Will, watch and listen and *be* with Will.

He craved Will, just like Will craved him.

Nobody had ever wanted *him* as much as Hannibal Lecter did. Nobody *ever* would.

'Yes,' he finally said, and heard Hannibal inhale sharply. 'Yes, Hannibal,' he nodded. 'It's not healthy- fuck, it's *so* far from healthy, but...' He took a deep breath and looked up at the older man, met his gaze. 'I *want* you.' He smoothed his hands down Hannibal's stomach, then pulled them away. 'I want whatever you're willing to give.'

Hannibal breathed a sigh that might have been relief, but it was over before Will could truly comprehend it. 'Oh, Will,' he murmured and brushed his hand down Will's cheek to his neck, squeezing briefly before letting go. 'I will give you whatever you desire.'

'You mean that,' Will said; a statement, not a question. He could read it in Hannibal's actions and words, in the flicker in his eyes and the swipe of his clever, clever tongue over kiss-swollen lips.

'I do,' Hannibal agreed. He leaned down to press a gentle kiss to Will's lips. 'However,' he continued, and Will groaned. There was always a *but*. 'However,' Hannibal repeated,

amusement colouring his tone, 'I believe it would be wise not to rush our physical relationship.'

'Since when do you care about what's wise?' Will mumbled.

Hannibal laughed lightly and kissed Will again. 'If I gave into every whim I had, I would have been caught years ago,' he stated. 'Also, I don't believe that you have ever been with another man sexually.'

Will blushed. Well, no; he hadn't. Of course Hannibal would know that.

'Now,' Hannibal continued, 'do you want to come in for dinner, or would you prefer to leave?'

Will sighed and drew back. He could see the wisdom in Hannibal's words; yes, he wanted the man, but all of this was still so new. A few days wasn't nearly enough time to wrap his head around it all.

'I'd like dinner,' Will said. 'I haven't been eating well,' he added, and smiled sheepishly when Hannibal scowled at him.

'That simply won't do, Will,' the doctor said and drew back, his arm retreating and leaving Will's body cold. 'Please, come in.'

Will smiled at his words and stepped into the house, Hannibal closing the door behind him.

'Just dinner, right?' Will asked. 'Wouldn't want to move too quickly.'

Hannibal looked at him, humour and annoyance warring in his eyes. 'No, we would not,' he agreed

'So,' Will said as he followed Hannibal into the kitchen, lips still tingling from their shared kisses, 'who are we having?'

{End}

End Notes

Author's Note: Here is the sequel to the sequel that a few of you requested.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!